

11621.6.6
15.
Two Excellent

SONGS

Intituled.

I. *The FARMER's COMPLAINT,*

Or, JOCKEY's DREAM:

SHEWING,

The pride and ambition of the FARMERS,
FACTORS, and VICTUAL-MONGERS;
and the distressed and deplorable condition
of the POOR at this day.

Composed in a Dream, by J. L.

II. *WOLF's LAMENT.*



Licensed and Entered according to Order.

The FARMER'S Complaint.

WHEN *Sol* in his beams disappeared,
 and *Luna* took place in the skies;
 And I in my bed was a musing,
 where sleep overtaketh my eyes.
 And there in my sleep I perceived,
 two farmers who seeming dismay'd;
 And when they had kindly saluted,
 the one to the other he said.
 Dear neighbour, I'll tell you what tidings
 I heard in the market to day,
 They have stopped all our underhand dealing,
 no corn they will let us convey.
 But it must all go to the market,
 and there it must stand and be sold;
 If this custom long keeps in fashion,
 I fear we'll get small store of gold.
 The devil has been in the council,
 for who could contrive such a trick:
 But I'll lay a bet we deceive them,
 though they were as sly as *Old Nick*.
 We have a good friend is a justice,
 I know he will lend us his aid;
 We'll take all our corn to his store-house,
 and who is to make us afraid.
 And if any more they do stop us,
 and let us not freely go by;
 We'll carry our corn to the market,
 and there a new method we'll try.
 We'll raise up the price a thought higher,
 and that's the true way to get store;

For what we are bid by the buyers,
 the Factors will still give us more.
 That them and no other shall have it,
 is fully determined by me;
 For what they don't buy in the market,
 we safely can take to the key.
 The poor is all grown so spiteful,
 I think they deserve none at all,
 We will not sell any small parcel,
 but he that will buy most take all.
 Now here's a new market at *Warkworth*,
 a blessed contrivance indeed;
 No market was ever contrived,
 that came in a time of more need.
 When all our sea treading was stopped,
 and plenty was like to appear;
 But now can we sell it at *Warkworth*,
 and go to the key without fear.
 But there's such another contrivance,
 as never was since I was born;
 They've stopt again all our brave buyers,
 and calls them engrossers of corn.
 A penalty must be inflicted,
 by special command of the king;
 It must be his louse-logged ladies,
 that this information must bring.
 But we will all sign a petition,
 and send it away to the king;
 And if we get back a good answer,
 we'll make all the *Morpeth* bells ring.
 We'll beg him to grant a commission,
 for us to dispose of our corn;
 By sending it over to *Scotland*,
 and then we will laugh them to scorn.

For dei'l be their teeth if they taste it,
 our friends they shall have the first chance ;
 We'd ne'er had so many broad pieces,
 unless we had sold it to France.
 I hold it good reason they have,
 they furnish us bravely with gold ;
 And that of bright *Portugal* pieces,
 a glorious sight to behold.
 By this we have got store of riches,
 which lies in our coffers aside ;
 And plenty of gold in our breeches,
 to furnish our daughters with pride.
 And this is a glorious fine trading,
 it puts all the poor to a stand ;
 For now we think nothing of lending
 two hundered pounds to a hand.
 But now the d——d mobs are beginning,
 and take both our butter and corn ;
 And when they have got what they wanted
 they perfectly laugh'd us to scorn.
 We'll have all these rogues apprehended,
 and hie them away to the jail,
 And there they shall lie till they stink,
 for we will admit of no bail.
 And as for the beggars, that passes,
 we'll drive them away from our door,
 We'll charge all our wives and our lasses,
 by no means to serve any poor.
 But let them go home to their parish,
 and so let us have no more strife ;
 Or else they shall hie to the work-house,
 and there to remain during life.
 And as for our neighbours about us,
 who to us are crying for bread ;

We'll make them pay soundly for it
if we supply them in need.

We keep them at home from the market,
but they shall reward us therefore;

For what the corn gives in the market,-
we'll make them pay one shilling more.

We'll cock up our hats in good order,
and dine upon dainty chear :

Our wives, and our sons, and our daughters,
like gentry they all shall appear.

Our wives they shall wear their long ruffles,
our daughters their neck laces ;

Our sons, with the keys of their watches,
hang dangling down to their knees.

Our sons they shall marry with ladies,
and that of a noble degree :

Their birth and their fortune must answer,
or else we shall never agree,

Our daughters shall marry with gentlemen,
if they be but loving and bold ;

They shall have a ranting good fortune,
of bright shining *Portugal* gold.

We will take down our hind's wages,
and grind the proud face of the poor ;

And he that can't hold in house-keeping,
is welcome to go to the door.

Our barnmen have far too much wages,
when corn giveth such a good price,

They'll take less before they have nothing,
for this is no time to be nice.

We'll house unto house lay together,
and we will lay field unto field ;

And keep up the price of the market,
and make all the poor for to yield.

Till they come with humble submission,
and to us do earnestly cry ;

Dear sir, if ye please to support us,
or else we must presently die.

Our ears we will stop at their crying,
and laugh at their languishing grief ;

And let them be at point of dying,
before we do grant them relief.

And then we'll get good ranting prices,
and corn at a guinea the boll,

And twenty long years of our leases,
and that's the delight of our soul.

Two labouring men standing by them,
who toiling had been all the day ;

And heard what thy said, they drew nigh then,
and to the proud farmers did say.

You have the good things of this world,
to eat and to drink what you are able ;

But will not allow a poor *Lazarus*,
the crumbs that fall down from your table.

But mind that the blessings of heaven,
hangs not on the strings of your purse :

For riches is many times given,
to men upon earth for a curse.

And that's an infallible token,
in men of great riches and store ;

When all their delights is to harden,
their hearts at the cries of the poor.

Its not like the precepts that's given,
within the twelfth chapter of *Luke* ;

For there, if I be not mistaken,
you'll meet with a heavy rebuke.

For there you are ordered, to sell,
what ye have, and to give to the poor ;

And ye shall have riches in heaven,
 to answer for that and much more.
 But ye contradict all these rules,
 and that by your practice ye shew;
 You make the poor people to languish,
 and that they have no cause for to rue.
 I know if you had your own pleasure,
 you'd laugh for to see the poor fall,
 But we have a great benefactor,
 who feeds and takes care of us all.
 And when you have done your commission,
 with all the force you can combine,
 Yet, still there's a secret pre-admission,
 and that's the whole length of our chain.
 For he that has given us life,
 we may trust he will give us our food,
 Tho' it comes away from your hearts,
 like the very last drop of your blood.
 So when they had ended their speaking,
 and bidden each other adieu;
 I roused myself from my sleeping,
 and straightway the curtains I drew.
 I saw that the day was approaching,
 and time for to draw to my cloaths;
 And what I had heard in my dreaming,
 I found to be true when I rose.
 I know there's abundance of people,
 have dreamed this very lame dream:
 But they will not be so free hearted
 as me to discover the theme.
 But be it for good or for evil,
 I love for to tell what I think:
 And that I believe is the reason,
 will make me go long e'er I drink.

(1)
Wolf's Lament.

B RITISH loyal and bold
Who would never be controul'd,
By such speed in the gallant of our sex;
British Wolf stout and good,
While the rivers ran with blood,
At the glorious conquest of Quebec.
Brave Wolf was our commander,
Montcalm was their defender,
The numbers of French they trust a';
British Wolf stout and bold,
He would never be controul'd,
And his last dying words was huzza.

Contented I die, since we gain'd the victory
As you tell me the battle is our own?
Let my soul depart in peace,
And the wars for ever cease,
Since my life for fair Britain is gone,

Then the sailors stout and rude,
Highlanders in hot blood,
Like madmen clashed them away;
Till the French began to run,
We advanc'd upon their ground
And our grief was for Wolf O that day.

Then the city it surrendered,
The gates there we entered,
Our ships in the harbour lay thick;
We may thank the most high,
For this signal victory
At the glorious conquest of Quebec.

F I N I S.

